

# THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by "Bunny" Palatnick, Roxbury, Mass.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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## MY LIFE

The Autobiography  
of a President by  
**BUNNY PALAT-  
NICK**

I was born in a city, in a bed, in a year and a day. When I was twelve years of age I was promoted from ash-man to a swill-man which meant less pay and more hours. When I was thirteen I went to work in Gary's factory for nothing thus becoming a millionaire.

One day a doctor pronounced me loco in the coco. When Gary and the rest of the grafters heard about this they elected me president of the U. S. A. and I became their office boy.

## A POEM AND A GOOD SUGGES- TION

By Tillie Lurye,  
Chicago, Ill.

Workers Are Reds.  
Capitalists are blue  
I joined the PIONEERS

## JOHNNY IS GLAD AGAIN

EVERYBODY WROTE IN and we got 47 contributions. Fine—keep it up. Look what we got by

### ROSE HOROWITZ

DEAR JOHNNIE RED:

I'm awfully sorry I made you cry but the reason I didn't write was because school opened with a lot of bunk and I was trying to sort it out but it comes along so fast that I got too anxious to tell you what happened so far.

In economic class my teacher (while discussing reasons for choosing a vocation) said that every man that chooses a vocation ought to be able to support himself and his family, so I said, "Well let's take the textile workers of Passaic as an example. They got paid very little and many of them starve to death because the bosses won't pay them enuf to support themselves and even NOW the bosses want to give them another wage cut so they are striking. Now, how can they support themselves if such bosses exist?" She tho't it over a while. Then said, "Well, if you can find the answer to that, you are very smart because there'll always be some people living a happier life than others. It will ALWAYS be so." So I said, "Oh, no... not ALWAYS.—" but just then the bell rang and I wasn't able to complete my statement. I was intending to tell her that as soon as we'll have a SOVIET form of government, all sorts of cheating will cease.

Why don't you?

OOOH—GOOD  
THINGS COMING!

Because Johnny Red cried last week we got so many nice things. All these will be printed from week to week but we need a lot more. Come on — shoot them in Tiny Reds.

SCHOOL BUNK  
By Bernard Mazarov,  
New York City.

At school our teacher told us that Coolidge was a poor boy but worked hard and thru work and prayers became president. Who did he pray to? The guys that paid for his campaign expenses?

WELL?  
How much bunk did you get in school? Rose Horowitz and Bernard Mazarov and a few others sent in what they got. First come first printed!